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At the age of 10 I chose cello...
...because then I could spread my legs without my Mom yelling at me.
It makes me happy to think of new ways to kill myself.
It's been two years...
and I am still waiting
for you to come home.
I blame the dog I always get away with it!!
1 see my husband as a 5 yr. old
THE fear of getting ANOTHER
ANXIETY ATTACK PARALYZES me.
Sometimes I romanticize my roots (more "ethnic," more blue collar ....) to be more interesting at chic cocktail parties.
I'm a good liar.
I am Afraid I will Get Fat!
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I HAVE RES IGNEDMYS ELFTOMED IOCRITY
Helping Teens in Trouble
I used to leave love letters in random lockers
...and wonder how the people felt after finding them.